# DIARY OF A MINECRAFT BOUNTY HUNTER 8

## Mission 3 : Dinnerbone

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# Mission 3 – ‘Dinnerbone’
# By Minecrafters & Wimpy Boy

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## PREVIOUSLY:

GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF MY DIARY, YOU DARNED, FILTHY GAMER!

…

Charles, nothing to say?

“Charles isn’t here.”

Gregory?

“That’s Head Admin to you.”

What are you doing here? Where’s Charles?

“He’s been dragged off to the funny farm.”

The what?

“Insane asylum.”

Ah. Did something happen?

“Yes, he said something along the lines of ‘I CAN’T TAKE DAN’S STUPID INTRODUCTIONS ANYMORE’, before proceeding to curl up into a ball and mutter that this world isn’t even real.”

It isn’t?

“No. Apparently this is all the work of some author in another universe. We are nothing more than entertaining characters, designed to do whatever the author says. Crazy right?”

I’ll say. No wonder why they dragged him off.

“Ah well. So what do you normally do here?”

Why I welcome our readers of course!

“We have readers?”

Yeah. Who would have guessed?

“Obviously they’re here for my good looks.”

Oh please. The last time you looked good, you’d installed a HD texture pack. And yes, I said texture pack, not resource pack. Look it up all you Minecrafters. We didn’t use to have all this fancy, hip technology that you do today.

“That was a really nerdy joke.”

Bah whatever.

“So seriously, what goes on here?”

I introduce the story, joke around with Charles-

“Your joking around has turned him into a lunatic who claims he is the lord of cheese.”

Wow. Remind me to upload that to BlockTube.

“Reminder: upload a clip of Charles running round like a maniac whilst proclaiming he’s the lord of cheese to BlockTube.”

Erg, I meant remind me later. Whatever. Aside from joking around, I also talk about what’s already happened.

“You mean the story so far?”

Correct.

“Surely most people who know it by now?”

Who cares? If it’s an excuse for the readers to hear my beautiful voice, then they’re gonna take it.

“I think I’m starting to understand what happened to Charles!”

LET US BEGIN!

“Yeah, I’d better reserve a room.”

Bounty hunters. Once foes of both the server population and the Admins, now staunch defenders of Minecraft. Alongside the Admins, we fought evil wherever it dared to rear its ugly head. Hackers and cheaters were no match for the likes of us.

Our first battle pitted us against Dr. Boom, a notorious griefer renowned for his love of explosives. Despite his efforts to destroy the Admin’s power and shape the world in his image, I managed to stop him in an epic battle to determine the fate of all of Minecraft.

“Hang on a minute! I thought Charles was the one who defeated Boom?”

I don’t see Charles here, do you? If he’s not going to take the credit, then I shall!

“You’re despicable.”

I know. Soon afterwards, we were promoted to the rank of Honorary Admin. With our new powers, we could take on the strongest of foes. Even the likes of Team Grieferz, a crew of pirates who terrorized cities and ships.

Although we were initially no match for these dastardly beings, in our second encounter we managed to catch them off-guard and blow the lot of them to Davy Jones’ locker.

It was around this time that the Kraken showed up.

You know, the Kraken? The giant, tentacle monster capable of dragging ships and even entire continents to the depths of the ocean. Fortunately, thanks to my incredible skills-

“We might need some context there…”

-we managed to overcome the creature after acquiring Herobrine’s Trident, a powerful artefact which gave me the ability to control the Kraken. And with Dr. Boom defeated and the Kraken under the control of me the Admins, Minecraftia looked to be safe at last.

Except it wasn’t.

We learned that the Council of Developers, led by Lord Dinnerbone, was planning on disconnecting our world (or server) from the main world (or server). Apparently, our place was getting a little too dangerous for his liking. So he was going to cut off all help and leave the server to the likes of hackers.

“Which is where we went to save the day!”

I went to save the day. You went insane after you saw all the circles they’d built.

“Still better than poor Charles.”

Yeah. Poor Charles. Guy attempted to sneak in on our minecart, only to get dragged along the tracks whilst dangling onto a fishing rod.

“Probably contributed to his own insanity.”

You’re probably right. Now then, where was I? Oh right! I met with Lord Dinnerbone and the Council of Developers, and after calmly discussing our little situation…

“You mean making fun of him?”

Pretty much. He got all upset for some reason and was about to terminate our server for good, when a mysterious figure burst into the room and started blasting the place to bits. He even managed to take down Lord Dinnerbone, but luckily for that idiot I was on hand to help.

I blasted this mysterious dude with an Uber Weapon, the items they use in the main server. Whilst it didn’t despawn him, it sent him running. After this, we found the Head Admin and Charles, whereupon we began planning our next move.

It was here we learned of the solution to all our problems: “Notch’s Apple.” A powerful artefact, capable of modifying the game however we wanted. We also learned the name of our foe: Project End, a weapon designed by Notch to ban rulebrekers, but which was later corrupted by Herobrine and made to ban people for the slightest mistake. The Developers were supposed to keep him locked up, but somehow he escaped.

“I can’t explain the stupidity of leaving that thing alone for five minutes. Of course he was going to escape!”

And now we have to clean up the mess. But just as we were about to set off on our journey, we ran into an old, shall we say, friend?

“Hey guys!”

Hey Boom.

“Oooh, is this the introduction?”

Yes. Now clear off. You’re in the spotlight.

“Oh come on! I wanna be in the story too.”

“Clear off Boom! Leave this part to the famous people.”

“Famous? Are you kidding? There is no one more famous than the mighty Dr. Boom!”

Dude, it’s been what, four books since we last saw you? Our first readers have probably died from old age by now.

“LET ME HAVE THE SPOTLIGHT!”

NEVER! ON WITH THE STORY!

“NOOOOOOOOOOO!”

# PROLOGUE

*Item #272 – Notch's Apple*

*Notch's Apple is considered to be the greatest rumor in the history of Minecraft. You probably would have heard about it in school, or maybe from some confused, dizzy dwarf in the local inn. They'll describe it in all its glory: a glowing object that is rumored to posses the ability to change the world as we know it…*

*Then they'll laugh and go back to playing with their toys or focus on their mushroom soup, completely unaware that what they've laughed off is real…*

*Notch's Apple does indeed exist. Its powers are real and he who owns it can hope to change the world as they please. The question of course is finding it, and only one person knows where's it hidden.*

*Notch himself.*

*No one knows why Notch created the apple. Perhaps he thought that one day, when he was gone, there would be the need for another to take his place. Or maybe he thought his own power too great, and decided to leave the secrets of the developers in someone else's hands.*

*Or maybe he was bored.*

*At any rate, he who finds the apple will essentially become Notch. And whilst this is fine for someone of a pure heart, should someone evil fall upon this item, then world is truly finished…*

*We're all doomed, aren't we?*

# DAY 1

“Where is Notch’s apple?”

That was the question that hung in the air, like stinking fish. Dr. Boom stood in front of me, glowing with newfound power. My allies were eyeing him, as if waiting for the opportunity to attack, but seemed reluctant to do anything.

“And why would we tell you?” Dinnerbone asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Aha, so you don’t know where it is,” Dr. Boom chuckled, “I figured you’d fall for that.”

“Wait, how-”

“I’m smarter than you,” Dr. Boom shrugged, “and stronger by the looks of it.”

“And how is that?” Gregory asked.

“The fact that I’m smarter than you? I read lots of books, solve lots of math problems -”

“I’m talking about the powers!”

“Oh! Didn’t I say I’d explain that later?”

“Explain it now, else I’ll make you suffer the worst possible pain.”

“And what might that be?”

“I’ll set off TNT without you.”

“PLEASE NO! ANYTHING BUT THAT! I’LL TELL YOU ANYTHING!”

Dr. Boom paused for a moment to collect himself, before beginning to talk.

“Long story short, your little friend over there didn’t defeat me for good,” he stated, whilst pointing to Charles.

“Say what?”

I turned to look at Charles, who had gone notably silent. I shook my head and reminded myself to give him a slap later.

“Yes, he didn’t finish me off,” Dr. Boom told us the true story, “although he did manage to beat me, I’ll give him that. But here’s what really happened…”

*FLASHBACK!!!*

*I remember sitting in the ruined remains of a barracks, all the way back in Blockopolis. Everything was hurting and my vision was blurry, probably because I’d just been blasted out of the sky by Charles. I scrambled for cover as that bounty hunter descended into the destroyed room, searching for me with glowing eyes.*

*“BOOM!” he boomed, “GET OUT HERE! YOU’VE LOST! THIS BATTLE IS OVER! I HAVE DEFEATED YOU! I’M THE WINNER! BOW DOWN BEFORE YOUR SUPERIOR FOE!”*

*As I listened to his taunting, I started to grow angry. Was I really going to sit here and wait for my end? Or was there a chance I could escape? To fight another day as it were.*

*Like lighting a block of TNT, an idea illuminated itself in my mind. With a grin, I rose from my hiding place and stumbled out, ready to face Charles.*

*“So you’ve come to battle me? Ready to give in?”*

*“I’ll never give in,” I hissed, “not until the world is remade in my image. People will worship the circle. They will hail the circle. Even the developers will love circles!”*

*“NEVER!” Charles cried, throwing an orb of energy at me. Just as I’d planned.*

*I redirected the blow towards the ceiling, and struck a battle stance. As anticipated, the already broken ceiling began to crumble. Before Charles could launch a second attack, the entire structure came down upon us.*

*Carefully buried under a patch of rubble, my next move had to be pitch-perfect. Using the last of my energies, I was able to slip through the rocks and leave an unconscious clone in my place. I watched gleefully as Charles dug it from the rubble and wrapped it in duct tape, before dragging it off to the prisons.*

*With my capture faked, I fled the city in the night. Naturally, I was furious. I'd drained so much of the admin power, yet it hadn't been enough. I'd still lost. I made a pledge to train my newfound powers and grow them to the point where no one could defeat me.*

*Admins are forbidden from training, but that restriction didn't apply to me. I spent days, weeks, months and years in the sun, rain and snow, attempting to grow my abilities to a level beyond the norm. Whereas one day I could burn down an entire tree, I soon found myself able to burn down entire forests with a mere whisper.*

*I was growing ever more powerful, nigh-on invincible. But it still wasn't enough. Although I could challenge the admins, I knew that if I caused enough trouble, the developers would one day come for me…*

*So I did the one thing I'm best at, and started to craft explosives.*

*FLASHBACK OVER!!!*

"You remember those series of earthquakes on your server a while back?" Dr. Boom asked me, to which I nodded, "Well, let's say I was responsible for them."

"You what!?" the Head Admin was furious, "Do you have any idea how long it took to fix all of that damage?"

"Judging from your reaction, it probably took about five minutes," Boom shrugged, "the point is that I found what I was looking for."

"And what might that have been?" Dinnerbone questioned, "There's no item on earth which would let you take us on. You must have hacked.

"If I had indeed hacked, then you would have detected it. Heck, your own powers would have stunned me immediately. No, I found something much better than that… but you'll just have to wait and see. For now, I believe we have an apple to find."

And so we did. If we were going to win this battle, we needed Notch's Apple.

Or Minecraftia was welly and truly doomed.

## DAY 2

“So where does our search begin?”

“Where else? The tomb of Notch himself.”

Great. Diary, I’ve had enough of creepy, ghostly things to last a life time. From the pirates in The Lost Sea, to Team Grieferz (who I’m pretty sure were half ghost).

“How can something be half ghost?”

“Don’t question it!”

“I’m questioning it.”

“Gah!”

And now, we get to visit the tomb of the creator of this world and all the others. Notch Blockman. I’m guessing Blockman is his last name.

“It’s not.”

“How do you know?”

“Because I paid attention in history class.”

Fair enough.

Notch’s tomb is located at the heart of the main server, according to Dinnerbone, making this trip incredibly dangerous.

“Something you need to understand about the main server is that very few regular players live here,” he explained to us, “this place is dangerous, wild and free of many rules.”

“Sounds like my kind of place,” I chuckled.

“The point is that the developers mess around on these servers. They’re always trying to come up with new creations and designs to help us out… though sometimes they don’t exactly work.”

“A few years ago, a young, aspiring developer decided to create the ultimate guardian for Notch’s tomb. A powerful warrior, set to obey our commands. He based it on Project End, where I’m sure you can see is where things started to turn south…”

Oh dear.

“This warrior was programmed with several abilities, including one to duplicate itself. Which it used. Hundreds of times. By the time we shut it off, the heart of the server was overrun by these warrior clones. They deemed us as threats and we were quickly overwhelmed.”

“How powerful are they?” Dr. Boom asked, “Surely they’ll be no match for me?”

“They wouldn’t,” Dinnerbone nodded, “if the heart of the server didn’t shut off our powers.”

SAY WHAT!?

“Again, some idiot messed around with the code. Now, stepping into the heart of the server disables all admin and developer abilities. We’ll have to rely on our instincts and regular skills down there.”

“Wonderful,” Dr. Boom sighed, “I’ll get some explosives made. I suggest the rest of you gather up some Uber Weapons. We’ll need them.”

“Yeah, I wouldn’t mind my own,” said Charles, “Dan keeps threatening me with his.”

“Oh shush,” I protested, “I’ve only threatened to blast you like fifty times. Normally I’d have threatened you at least a hundred. See? I’m trying to be nicer.”

“It’s true,” the Head Admin nodded, “he must be at least 10% nicer.”

“This isn’t the time to be nice,” Dr. Boom hissed, “we need to be cold blooded and heartless if we’re going to win this battle. We are up against something which will permanently despawn everything in existence.”

“That reminds me,” the Head Admin noted, “Dinnerbone, is the main server sealed off?”

“It is. Project End can’t leave here unless he ends up defeating me.”

“Isn’t that just painting a target on your head?” I inquired.

…

“Shut up Dan.”

Hehe.

So, keeping a careful eye in the sky for any being which might want to destroy us, we began the long and traitorous journey to Notch’s tomb.

“Where’s the entrance to the heart of the server?” I asked, after we’d spent a few hours flying through the skies.

“Right down there,” Dinnerbone pointed to a small gathering of trees.

“Let me get this straight,” said Boom, “you hid the entrance to the heart of the server, which should probably be the most secure place on the server, under some trees? Flammable trees? The kind I burn down when I’m bored?”

“You burn down trees? Monster!”

“I’m beginning to understand just how Project End got free in the first place.”

“And how’s that?”

“It’s because you’re thicker than a block of Obsidian.”

“Obsidian is pretty thick,” I whispered to Charles and the Head Admin, which only made them laugh.

“Hey,” Dinnerbone snarled, “do you want my help here? Or shall I leave you to fend for yourselves.”

“You’re right, I’m sorry,” Dr. Boom faked a smile, “what would we do without an effective arrow shield?”

Hahaha. Even if this guy did try to destroy both us and the Admins, I had to admire his humor. He was my kind of guy.

“By Notch, I’ll destroy the lot of you in a minute.”

“Alright, enough arguing,” Charles stepped in, “let’s despawn Project End before we despawn each other.”

“Oh very well,” Dr. Boom sighed, “does everyone have their equipment ready?”

We did indeed. I was equipped with my Uber Blaster, along with a few bombs provided by Boom. Charles had his bow, enchanted with the Uber enchantment. Gregory the Head Admin was armed with a pair of (Uber) axes and Dinnerbone himself was armed with his own personal weapon. The Dinner Bone.

It’s a sword. But it looks like a bone. And it glows blue. And blasts lightening everywhere. Very powerful. Very effective.

“That thing looks ridiculous,” Dr. Boom pointed out.

“What’s wrong with it?”

“You’re hitting enemies with an item you’d use to get a wolf with.”

“So?”

“So it looks stupid!”

“Your name is stupid!”

“Is this meant to be the lord of all things in Minecraft?” I asked Charles, who only shrugged as Dinnerbone threw a tantrum.

“Oh calm down,” Dr. Boom punched him in the shoulder, “I was kidding.”

Dr. Boom’s items were interesting to say the least. He was armed with a crossbow of some kind, which I’m guessing was also enchanted with the Uber enchantment. Aside from that, he was equipped with several daggers, a bunch of explosives and a pair of sunglasses.

“What’s with the sunglasses?” I asked.

“You’ll see,” was the cryptic reply.

“Alright everyone,” announced Dinnerbone, “we’ll now be descending into the heart of the server. It’s a long trip to Notch’s tomb, so be on your guard. And keep an eye out for The Guardians. If you see them, alert the others immediately. When one appears, the others aren’t far behind.”

“Yes sir,” we all cried in sync. Except for Dr. Boom of course. Rebel.

And with that, we entered the trees, opened a trap door buried in the floor and began our descent into the darkness below.

## DAY 3

It’s been a long day, and I don’t know how the heck we even managed to make it this far.

Dinnerbone’s description of the heart of the server is everything he said it was. Immediately after entering, I felt a cold chill go down my spine as the all the powers granted to me by Gregory faded away. My flight and magical abilities had truly been disabled. Not that it was a bad thing. Wouldn’t want to make things too difficult for the bad guys.

No, it’d be like the old days. As a regular bounty hunter with no special powers, who protected the innocent no matter what they thought of him. Just as long as he was paid of course. I’m guessing Charles had to feel the same as I did at that moment.

“MY POWERS! THEY’RE GONE!”

Or maybe not.

Down we climbed, descending from the ladder to a staircase which led even further into this strange world. Giant blocks of glowstone clung to the ceiling, giving us some small light. Occasionally, we’d catch sight of a giant flying creature or hear the cries of some elusive beast lurking in the shadows.

“We must be careful,” Dinnerbone whispered, “The Guardians aren’t the only things lurking down here. The developers, when they got bored, would also code giant monsters.”

“You really need to get your priorities straight,” Dr. Boom sighed, “you spend your days coding monsters in a place nobody ever visits, when you could be doing better things with your time.”

“Like what?”

“Like helping out the servers,” Dr. Boom spat, “there’s already enough bad things the Admins have to deal with, without you adding to the problem by coding giant creatures.”

“We’ve got our own work to do as well you know,” Dinnerbone replied, “If it weren’t for us, your servers wouldn’t even function.”

“They barely do,” the Head Admin pointed out, “we get some world-ending event every other day. How about helping us out with those?”

“It’s your job to keep the servers safe,” Dinnerbone hissed, “what am I supposed to do if you decide to screw everything up?”

“ENOUGH!” Charles yelled, “If we start arguing amongst ourselves, our alliance is going to collapse pretty quickly. None of us want to be here, and I get that. Quite frankly, I’m certain that most of us hate each other. But we need to put that behind us, because right now there’s a much bigger threat to deal with.”

“Like zombie giants?” I asked.

“Exactly Dan, like zombie… giants?”

The others turned to where I was pointing. As we’d decided to argue in the middle of nowhere, it had attracted the attention of a few zombies. Giant zombies.

“Oh I remember these,” Dinnerbone grinned, “Notch removed them from the game a long time ago. Wow! I didn’t realize we still had them!”

“RUN FOR IT!” I bellowed, as the giant brought its, well, giant foot down upon us. We barely managed to dodge the attack, as the appendage shook the ground and blasted blocks in all directions.

“So you store old mobs down here too?” Dr. Boom asked as we fled for our lives, following a glowstone trail leading deep into a tall forest.

“Well, where else are we going to put them?” Dinnerbone replied.

“Giant cages, preferably suspended over lava.”

“Lava is an excellent solution. Even when there’s too much lava, you just add lava!”

“Somehow I don’t think that’s right,” I pointed out to the Head Admin, who merely shrugged and grinned.

“Lava is best. It’d certainly help in this situation. WAIT, I HAVE SOME IN MY BACKPACK!”

“NOOOO!” we all cried out.

But of course, it was too late.

The Head Admin emptied the bucket as we ran, and although it did a fantastic job in cooking the giant zombie, it also did a fantastic job in setting fire to the forest around us.

“YOU DOLT!” I screamed, as we accelerated our speed, “DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU’VE DONE!?”

“ALL HAIL THE LAVA GODS!”

I’m starting to think he may have hit his head on the way down here. To prevent any further incidents, I grabbed a roll of duct tape and buried him in the stuff.

“HAVE MERCY!”

With the Head Admin unable to inflict any more trouble, I threw him over my shoulder and ran with the others to safety. And whilst I can’t say I enjoy fleeing for my life, being chased by boiling flames, I will say it did look quite pretty.

Oh, and as a plus, it took out all the evil creatures following us. I guess that’s a bonus.

“The lava gods are pleased,” the Head Admin grinned, before I stuck duct tape over his mouth as well. That would keep him quiet, I hoped to myself.

“OVER THERE!” Dinnerbone shouted, pointing forward to what looked like a mountain.

“IT’S A MOUNTAIN!” Charles cried.

“A BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN!” Dr. Boom looked like he was going to cry out of happiness, “WE’RE SAVED!”

“MMMMPHPHPHPHPH!” I could only assume the Head Admin was glad as well.

I later found out he had a fear of mountains, and was begging to be left to the lava instead. Oh well.

After a nice jog (horrible sprinting session), we were free of the flames and had managed to make it to this so-called mountain.

“This is the Mountain of the Fallen,” Dinnerbone explained, munching on a steak to regain his hunger, “this is the place where most of the old developers are buried. This place should hopefully keep us safe as we make our way to Notch’s tomb.”

“And what’s so safe about a mountain?” I asked sarcastically.

“They can’t get to us,” the lead developer pointed.

I followed his finger to the edge of the cliff we were stationed on, my eyes widening at the sight of dozens of feral beasts, each looking to make a meal out of us.

“Those are the creatures the developers coded. The only place they’re not allowed access to is the Mountain of the Fallen. So long as we don’t run into any of The Guardians, we should be safe.”

It was at that exact moment we did indeed run into one of The Guardians.

“Oh crud,” Dinnerbone facepalmed.

At first, I didn't really see the problem. It looked like a regular player, complete with a skin and a pair of giant swords-

Oh crud.

"Threat detected," it announced, "you are trespassing on private property. You have five seconds to leave."

"Bit of a problem," I pointed out the burning forest to him, "our route is blocked."

"Hostility detected," it announced again, "you will be terminated."

"Oh for goodness sake," I sighed to myself, before pulling out the Uber Laser and blasting The Guardian in the chest. It disappeared in a puff of smoke.

"Done, dealt with, over, what's for dinner?"

But the others were too busy wetting themselves at the sight of twelve more Guardians, which now blocked the path back down to the forests.

"Ah crud."

"BATTLE POSITIONS!" Dr. Boom yelled, tossing one of his miniature TNTs. It blasted one of The Guardians into smithereens.

"These guys are supposed to be tough?" I sneered, blasting a few more of them.

Several seconds passed, and it was over. They'd been defeated.

"I don't understand," the Head Admin scratched his head, "I thought these were meant to be dangerous."

"Wait for it," Dinnerbone trembled.

Huh?

I followed his gaze to the clouds of smoke which remained. My eyes were attracted to the spot where I'd blasted the first one. Whereas there had been only a puff of smog before, there was now… something else.

A bright, glowing light sat in the place of The Guardian I'd just shot. A moment later, and it exploded in a blinding flash, before dissipating into nothing and revealing an unharmed guardian.

"What the heck is this?" I demanded, shooting him again. He disappeared, only to reappear again, this time even quicker than before!

"RUN FOR IT!" Charles yelled, firing arrows to cover our escape. Each time they were hit, there merely returned even quicker than before.

We fled through the mountain passage before us. The only way to go. Every so often, I'd fire a shot to the rear or the Head Admin would cut down a Guardian who'd grown a little too close for comfort. As if it weren't bad enough we were already dealing with thirteen of them at the start, they soon called for backup.

Left and right, more and more of these normal-looking yet lethal monsters were coming after us. If we didn't pick up the pace, we'd be trapped within the mountain.

"How much further?" I yelled to Dinnerbone, who only shook his head. We weren't going to make it.

"Oh yes we were!"

Boom, why the heck were you reading my diary?

"CUZ I FELT LIKE IT!"

Removing yet another one of those darned bombs from his belt, he threw it into the ground. We were immediately swallowed up by a cloud of smoke, effectively blinding everything around us and breaking The Guardians' visual on us.

"Now's our chance, RUN FOR IT!"

And so we did.

We've managed to make it to an empty cave, where we've set up a campsite to catch our breath. Although we've managed to escape from The Guardians, we still have a ways to go before we reach Notch's tomb.

"At least a few thousand blocks," Dinnerbone didn't look too happy, "and by now you've seen what The Guardians are capable of. They'll know we're coming for Notch's tomb, so we can expect heavy resistance."

"Just who was it who created them?" I asked, but Dinnerbone could only shrug.

"Like I said, some young developer who managed to escape our clutches. Rumor has it his own creations destroyed him."

"Wonderful," Charles said bitterly, "so even the guy who made these things couldn't defeat them?"

"Once we have Notch's Apple, we'll have to remove them," Dr. Boom suggested, "That thing can edit the game world, right?"

"Correct…" Dinnerbone nodded, a little hesitantly, "but who says we're going to let you use it?"

"Well we're certainly not giving it to you," Dr. Boom shook his head, "you're the one who got us into this mess."

"Oh please don't tell me we're going to have an argument about who gets the apple," I moaned, "we're supposed to be a team. I'm not going to sit here all night, listening to you lot moan."

"Dan is right, for once," Charles grinned, "there's only one person here who should be allowed to use the apple."

"And who's that?" Dinnerbone asked.

"Gregory."

Say what?

"Me?" even the Head Admin looked surprised.

"Yes," Charles nodded, "you're the most fit for the task. Think of it like this. Dan and I are bounty hunters, so it shouldn't fall to us to decide on what to use the apple for. Neither should it be Dinnerbone, because he's a developer with too much power already."

"Hey!" he protested.

"And Boom, you already know the reason," Charles pointed out.

"True, I have tried to destroy this planet numerous times," he agreed, "alright then. I'm fine with it if you guys are."

"No complaints here," I grudgingly agreed.

"I suppose," Dinnerbone nodded slowly.

"Then it's settled" Charles decided, "Gregory will use the apple to remove the Guardians and to stop Project End."

"Here here!"

***

In a few hours, we'll be moving out.

I have to admit diary, I’m worried somewhat. We’re so close to our goal, but something feels off. What’s Project End been up during out time here? I know for a fact he hasn’t been sitting around, playing card games. No, he must be planning something. Heck, he might have already made his next move.

What if this is a trap? What if there really is no Notch’s Apple? And even if there is, who says it’s at the tomb? Who says we aren’t looking in the wrong place? What if this entire journey has been for nothing?

Sigh. I guess tomorrow we find out.

# DAY 4

“By the son of Herobrine, that’s a lot of Guardians.”

And it was. We’d set off early that morning, attempting to beat our foe to Notch’s Tomb. We’d traveled through a bubbling swamp, across a rickety bridge above a lake of lava and even had to fight an army of squid people to make it this far.

But now, our journey looks to be well and truly over.

In front of us is none other than an army of those Guardian things. We’re currently stationed on a hill, overlooking a staircase leading into the ground. In front of us stands hundreds of these monsters, just waiting for us.

“They’re not even attacking,” Dr. Boom noted, “they actually want us to go to them.”

“Of course they’re not going to attack,” said Charles, “why would they? They’ll overwhelm us if we try to get close, but if we don’t move soon then more of them will show up. The ones we fought on the mountain can’t be far behind.”

“But what do we do?” Gregory asked, “We can’t fight that many!”

“Can’t we?” I whispered under my breath.

“Oh dear, he’s gone crazy,” Charles sighed, “someone get the duct tape.”

“We’re the defenders of Minecraft!” I turned, yelling in their faces, “Why the heck can’t we fight them?” We have to try, don’t we? If we give up now then Minecraftia is doomed anyway. If we’re defeated, we can at least say we did our best.”

…

They began to look at each other, one by one. A feeling of understanding fell upon them, as my words began to sink in.

“How much do you want?” the Head Admin asked with an eyebrow raised.

That was it. For years, I’d been fighting for the person who’d pay me. Before I’d become an Admin, I’d worked for the people who were giving away emeralds. And yet here, I was about to plunge into the face of danger, with no care for how much I made at the end.

“I’ll loot the place on the way out,” I chuckled, “Now who’s with me?”

“I am!” said Charles, raising his bow.

“As am I!” the Head Admin declared, drawing his axes.

“Don’t forget me!” Dinnerbone pulled out his bone.

“I suppose I’m in too,” Dr. Boom sighed, reloading his crossbow.

And with those words said, we marched down the hill. The five of us, all brought together for various reasons, now marching into the mouth of Herobrine…

Whether we lived, or whether we fell, would determine if Minecraftia lived to see tomorrow.

## NEXT TIME:

The journey is coming to an end.

Dan Danger and Charles Brilliant are on the verge of acquiring Notch's Apple, but a powerful foe awaits them.

As Project End causes havoc across the server, Dan and Charles need to unlock the secrets of Notch's ancient weapon, in the hope of stopping Project End once and for all.

But as the final battle approaches, the true face of evil is revealed. And as a horrific betrayal threatens to rip the group apart, the bounty hunters realize that they might not make it to the very end…

Either way, Dan and Charle's story is about to come to an epic conclusion.

Make sure you pick up your copy of 'Diary of a Minecraft Bounty Hunter 9', which concludes the third epic trilogy of this series.